OCTOBER 1922

Little Folks

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THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

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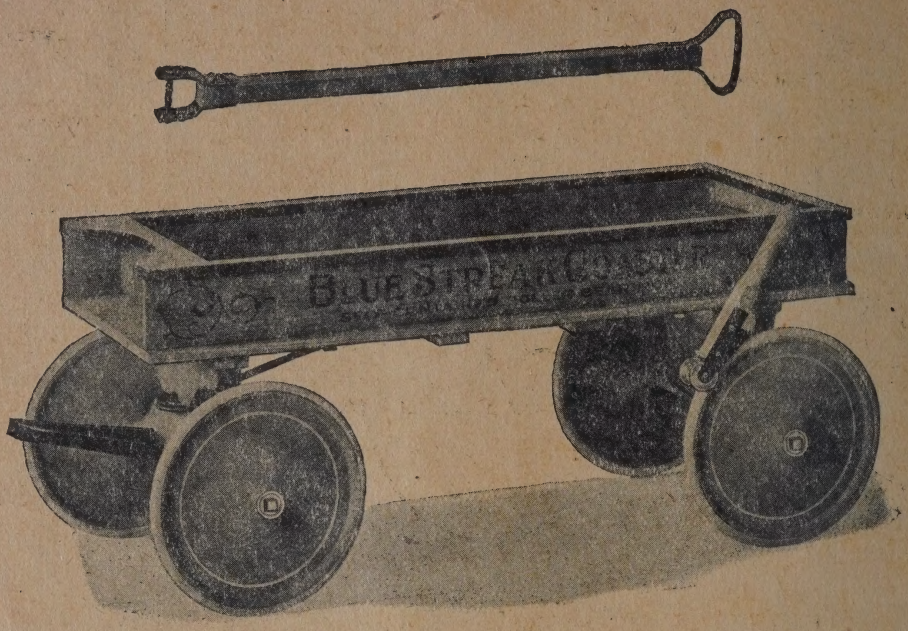

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LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, Dept. M. Salem, Mass.

LITTLE FOLKS

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

The November Number

Sitka, the Snow Baby — **Allen Chaffee**

The story of a little white polar bear. His life with his mother in the wintry north is full of dangers and wonders.

Queen Bee's Crown — **Margaret Johnson**

A new picture story for little lookers-at pictures. Parents enjoy these fascinating stories as much as the little tots; it is fun to see how many of the pictures Baby can name correctly.

Constance and the Twins — **Winifred Stowitz Paddock**

This is the first of a series of stories, each one complete in itself, but all about the same people. In this story, Jean and Jane, the twins, who are five years old, go exploring. Read the story and see what happens to them.

The Dissatisfied Princess — **Everett Abbott**

A new sort of fairy tale, told by a young uncle to three lively kiddies, who make remarks that will make you laugh as hard as the story itself.

The First Thanksgiving Day — **Frances C. Sparhawk**

How the first feast of Thanksgiving was held in Plymouth, where the Indian children played games with the little boys and girls of the Plymouth Colony. Do you know the games they played?

The Lively Feather Bed

A story of Indians and a little white baby who was saved by a feather bed.

The Something to Do Department

In the November issue there will be another Quizzie Puzzle, a paper doll, a game to play with scissors and paper, a dot to dot picture and a new cut-out page, representing a scene from the story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears. There will also be riddles and letters from children all over the world, a story about the stars, and a picture to cut and color.

Poetry

Verse appropriate for recitation at Thanksgiving time, both short and long.

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Margherita O. Osborne, Editor

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Before It's Time to Go to Bed

BY ANNETTE WYNNE

"Before it's time to go to bed,
Let's have a feast," October said,
"Let's call our family all together,
And celebrate this pleasant weather;"
Then every leaf put on her best,
And each small shrub most richly dressed,
In red and gold and orange, too,
And many another party hue.
The party lasted day and night,
Until the leaves were tired quite,
"O Mother, Dear," at last each said,
"It's time for us to go to bed;
Dear Mother Tree, good-night to you!"
Then loosed her hand and off it flew,
And every little sleepy head
Soon settled in the garden bed,
And dreamed the dreams that flowers do,
And slept and slept the winter through.

From "For Days and Days" published by
Frederick A. Stokes Co.

JACK-O'-LANTERN SCARES THE DOLLS

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXV. OCTOBER, 1922 NO. 12

THE STORY OF SIDAPPA

By Hebe Spaull

SIDAPPA lived in one of the many tiny villages that border upon the great Indian Ocean. His parents were very poor and little Sidappa had to work in the rice fields when he was only eight years old.

If you could have seen him, one evening, squatting native fashion outside the small thatched hut that was his home, you would have known he was poor, for the girdle cloth he wore was ragged and dirty, but Sidappa was happy and there was a satisfied smile on his little brown face as he looked over the stacks of well-ripened rice that dotted the Indian plains.

There had been a good harvest this year, and Sidappa had helped to gather in the Reddi's crops. Moreover, the whole village was keeping holiday on the morrow to celebrate the gathering of the harvest, and the Reddi (the village Headman) had promised him two whole rupees if he would stay up on the plains and watch the crops while the rest were making merry on the beach below.

"Two whole rupees," said Sidappa to himself, and the smile of satisfaction broadened into a grin at the prospect. Two whole rupees was a lot of money for a village boy to earn. Of course, he would have to forego the village festivities, but then, wouldn't he be rich for many days to come?

Presently he rose and stretched himself and turned towards the hut from whence came savoury smells of curry and rice. The women were preparing the evening meal and it was time to go and eat it.

Very early the next morning the whole village was astir and little groups of villagers began wending their way down the hillside towards the shores.

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Sidappa watched them from his post in the Reddi's rice fields. They were all there, the Reddi, and the Kurnam (the village accountant), the priest, and the moneylender, the rich landowner and the poor farmer; the women, too, in their brightly colored sahris and jingling bangles, but they kept apart, for no woman would dare walk or talk with a man in public, even though he were her brother or husband. Such things were not done in India.

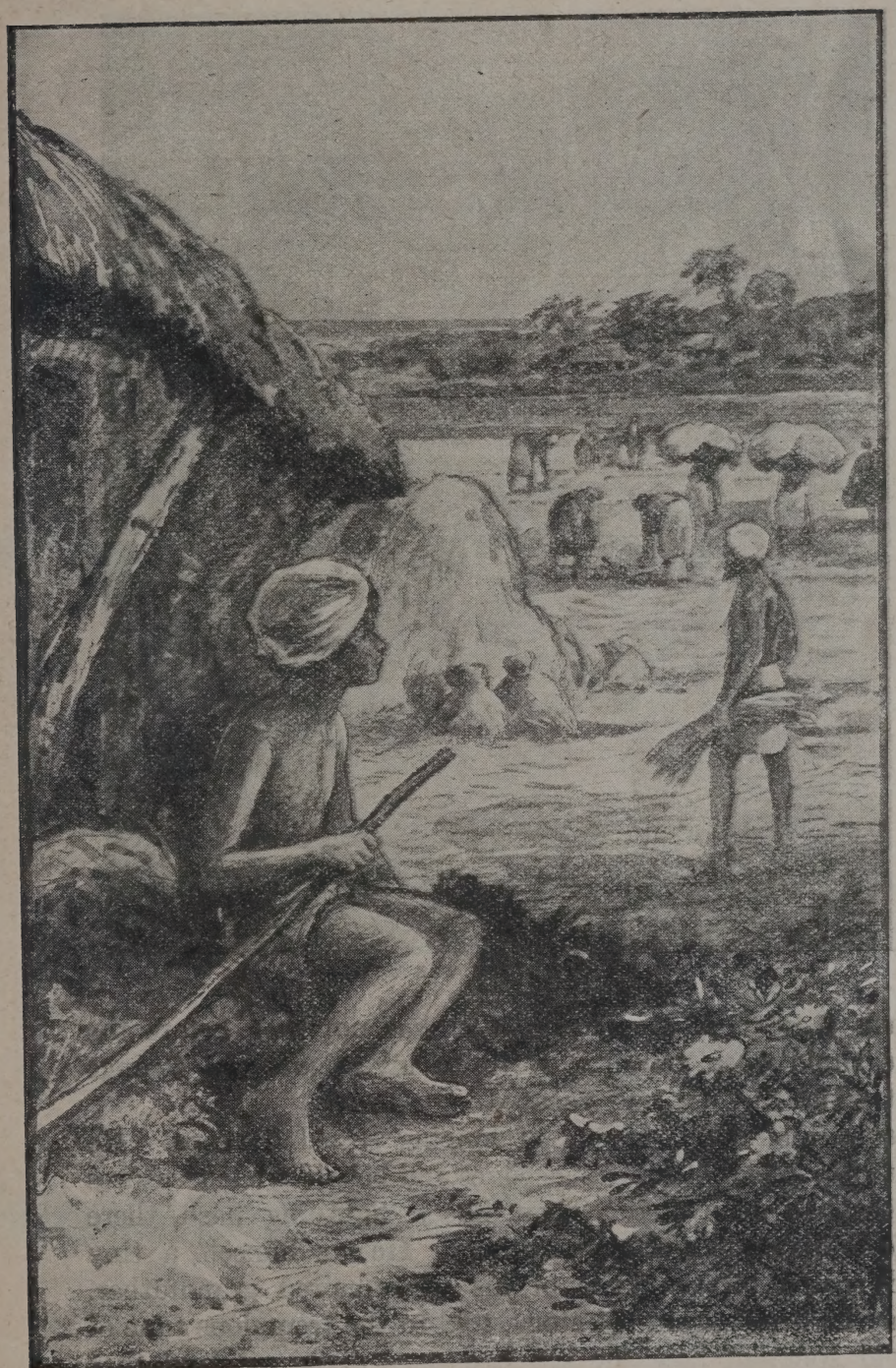
At length, the last of the merry throng had left the village and only the very old people and a few widows who might not join in the festivities remained in the village. Sidappa gave a little sigh as he thought of the good time he was going to miss, then he filled his mouth with the fragrant betel nut, dear to the heart of every Indian boy, and, squatting beneath a shady banyan tree, he kept a vigilant watch over the rice fields.

After a while, he got up and strolled around to another part of the hill, where he could get a good view of the village festivities. He could just see the men and boys from where he stood, in their hideous masks, which would have scared any little American boy. He could hear the screeching notes of the sarangi, a kind of native violin, mingling with the beating of the Indian drum. He could just make out a little group of people gathered around the village priest with his begging cup, and he knew that he was muttering strange incantations and charms, whose meanings were known only to himself, but which were said to avert harm from the rice crops.

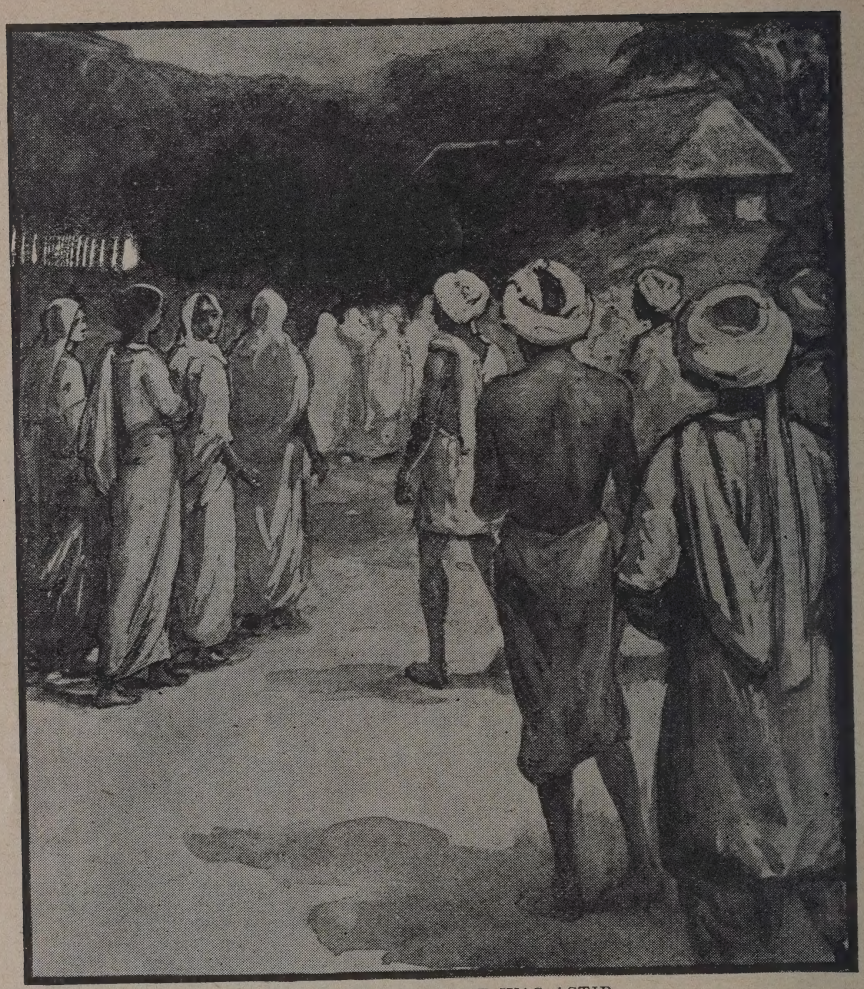
Suddenly, as he stood there watching, a strange cry floated up to Sidappa from the shore. Even as he heard it, an echoing cry escaped the lips of Sidappa.

For, before his very eyes, a miracle was taking place! The sea, without the slightest warning, was rushing backward at a mad pace, until before the startled eyes of the villagers there appeared strange rocks and caverns which had been hidden in the depths of the sea.

Presently, one or two of the boldest villagers began to ap-



"TWO WHOLE RUPEES," SAID SIDAPPA TO HIMSELF.



THE WHOLE VILLAGE WAS ASTIR.

proach these new wonders, and it was not long before the more timid ones ventured forth to investigate the strange tract which the sea had vacated.

For a moment, a feeling of longing seized Sidappa. He wanted to explore the strange caves and behold what treasures the sea had uncovered. Then, like a lightning flash, there came to his mind a strange memory. He saw himself, a tiny child seated on the knee of his white-haired grandfather. Dimly he heard again the story, told to the tremulous tune of an old song, of how the sea had once given up land that

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belonged to itself. And he remembered how he had wept at the close of the song, for the sea had rushed back, as madly as it had receded, and had claimed the land again, and with it all those who had foolishly tried to explore its domain.

The sea would come back once more and claim its own! That was the thought that echoed in Sidappa's mind.

There was no time to rush down the hillside and tell the people of their danger and although he shouted himself hoarse, not one of that happy throng even so much as glanced up at the rice fields.

Sidappa gazed around for a means of warning. He gathered twigs and made a torch of them. But the light it gave out in the glare of the afternoon sun, was far too feeble to attract attention.

Then a desperate idea struck him. It made his blood run cold, but the people must be saved at all cost.

Deliberately he

HE DARTED FROM ONE STACK TO ANOTHER UNTIL THE RICE FIELDS WERE ABLAZE.

carried his torch to the nearest stack of the precious rice. In an instant the flames were leaping upward. Then he darted to another stack and yet another until the rice fields were ablaze with light.

Then the people did look up. They saw the beacon and a great cry of rage and sorrow rose up from the shore. With one intent all the people turned toward the rice fields.

Sidappa covered his face with his hands. "They will surely kill me," thought he to himself, "but I have done right! I must have done right. They will know before long that I did it for them."

So he sat there, his face still buried in his hands, while the hum of angry voices and the patter of many feet grew nearer and nearer.

"A thousand devils have seized him," cried the people as they scrambled up the cliffs.

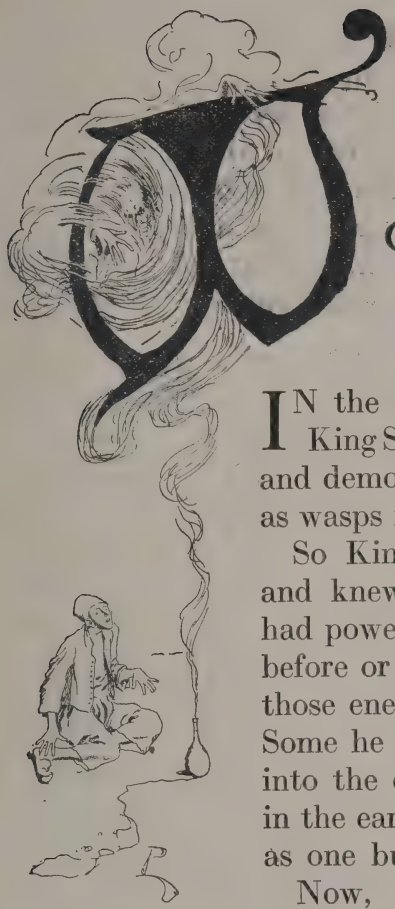
Suddenly another sound could be heard above the babel of voices — the sound of a great roaring, more terrible than anything Sidappa had ever heard. A great hush fell upon the oncoming crowd and Sidappa lifted his eyes towards the sea. The thing he had feared had come to pass. The sea, like a great wall, was sweeping onwards, ignoring all its accustomed boundaries. Even as the horrified people crowded to the top of the little hill on which the village rested, the ugly waves lapped its side.

Now the villagers knew why Sidappa had burned the rice.

"He's our Guru!" (deliverer) they cried. "He has destroyed our crops, but has saved our lives!"

And in the joy of their deliverance they showered blessings on the head of their young hero.

As for Sidappa himself, I doubt if in the whole of India there was a happier boy that night.



Woman's Wit.

By Howard Pyle

When man's strength fails,
Woman's wit prevails.

IN the days when the great and wise King Solomon lived and ruled, evil spirits and demons were as plentiful in the world as wasps in summer.

So King Solomon, who was so wise and knew so many potent spells that he had power over evil such as no man has had before or since, set himself to work to put those enemies of mankind out of the way. Some he conjured into bottles, and sank into the depths of the sea; some he buried in the earth; some he destroyed altogether, as one burns hair in a candle-flame.

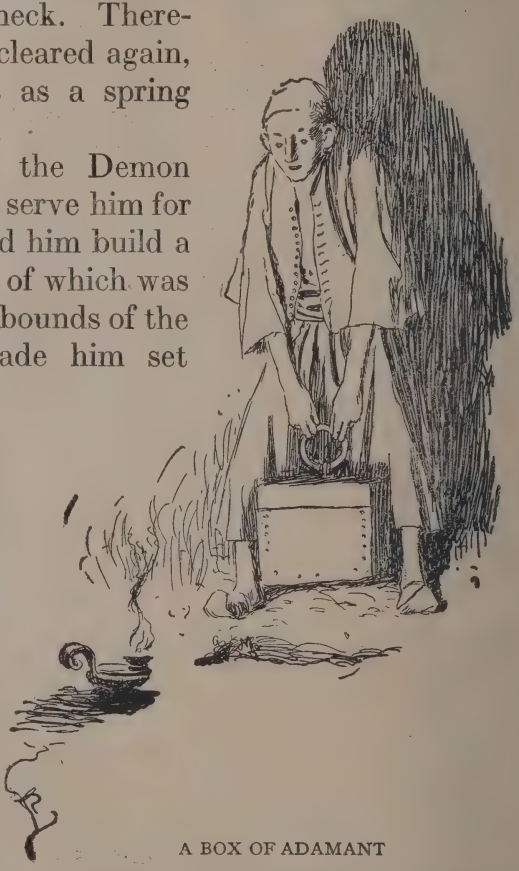
Now, one pleasant day when King Solomon was walking in his garden with his hands behind his back, and his thoughts busy as bees with this or that, he came face to face with a Demon, who was a prince of his kind. "Ho, little man!" cried the evil spirit, in a loud voice, "art not thou the wise King Solomon who conjures my brethren into brass chests and glass bottles? Come, try a fall at wrestling with me, and whoever conquers shall be master over the other for all time. What do you say to such an offer as that?"

"I say aye!" said King Solomon, and, without another word, he stripped off his royal robes and stood bare breasted, man to man with the other.

Illustrations and text copyrighted by Harper and Brothers, 1894, 1922.

The world never saw the like of that wrestling-match betwixt the king and the Demon, for they struggled and strove together from the seventh hour in the morning to the sunset in the evening, and during that time the sky was clouded over as black as night, and the lightning forked and shot, and the thunder roared and bellowed, and the earth shook and quaked.

But at last the king gave the enemy an under twist and flung him down on the earth so hard that the apples fell from the trees; and then, panting and straining, he held the evil one down, knee on neck. Thereupon, the sky presently cleared again, and all was as pleasant as a spring day.



A BOX OF ADAMANT

King Solomon bound the Demon with spells, and made him serve him for seven years. First, he had him build a splendid palace, the like of which was not to be seen within the bounds of the seven rivers; then he made him set around the palace a garden, such as I for one wish I may see sometime or other. Then, when the Demon had done all that the king wished, the king conjured him into a bottle, corked it tightly, and set the royal seal on the stopper. Then he took the bottle a thousand miles away into the wilderness, and, when no man was looking, buried it in the ground, and this is the way the story begins.

Well, the years came and the years went, and the world grew older and older, and kept changing (as all things do but two,) so that by-and-by the wilderness where King

Solomon had hid the bottle became a great town, with people coming and going, and all as busy as bees about their own business and other folks' affairs.

Among these townspeople was a little Tailor, who made clothes for many a worse man to wear, and who lived all alone in a little house with no one to darn his stocking for him, and no one to meddle with his coming and going, for he was a bachelor.

The little Tailor was a thrifty soul, and by hook and crook had laid by enough money to fill a small pot, and then he had to bethink himself of some safe place to hide it. So one night he took a spade and a lamp and went out in the garden to bury his money. He drove his spade into the gound — and click! He struck something hard that rang under his foot with a sound as of iron. "Hello!" said he, "what have we here?" and if he had known as much as you and I do, he would have filled in the earth, and tramped it down, and have left that plate of broth for somebody else to burn his mouth with.

As it was, he scraped away the soil, and then he found a box of adamant, with a ring in the lid to lift it by. The Tailor clutched the ring and bent his back and up came the box with the damp earth sticking to it. He cleaned the mould away, and there he saw, written in red letters, these words:

"Open not."

You may be sure that after he had read these words he was not long in breaking open the lid of the box with his spade.

In side the first box he found a second, and upon it the same words:

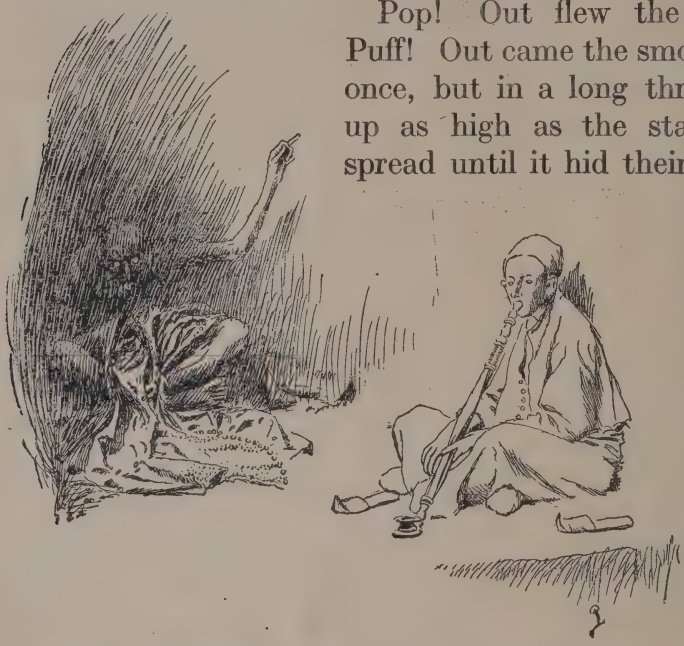
"Open not."

Within the second box was another, and within that still another, until there were seven in all, and on each was written the same words:

"Open not."

Inside the seventh box was a roll of linen, and inside that a bottle filled with nothing but blue smoke; and I wish that bottle had burned the Tailor's fingers when he touched it.

"And is this all?" said the little Tailor, turning the bottle upside down and shaking it, and peeping at it by the light of the lamp. "Well, since I have gone so far, I might as well open it, as I have already opened the seven boxes." Thereupon, he broke the seal that stoppered it.



THE LITTLE MAN SET HIM TO WORK ON THE BENCH.

Pop! Out flew the cork, and — Puff! Out came the smoke; not all at once, but in a long thread that rose up as high as the stars, and then spread until it hid their light.

The Tailor stared and goggled and gaped to see so much smoke come out of such a little bottle, and, as he goggled and stared, the smoke began to gather together again, thicker and thicker, and darker and darker, until it was as black as ink. Then out from it there stepped one with eyes that shone like sparks of fire, and who had a countenance so terrible that the Tailor's skin quivered and shrivelled, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth at the sight of it.

"Who art thou?" said the terrible being, in a voice that made the very marrow of the poor Tailor's bones turn soft from terror.

"If you please, sir," said he, "I am only a little tailor."

The evil being lifted up both hands and eyes. "How wonderful," he cried, "that one little tailor can undo in a moment that which took the wise Solomon a whole day to

accomplish, and in the doing of which he well-nigh broke the sinews of his heart!" Then, turning to the Tailor, who stood trembling like a rabbit, "Hark thee!" said he. "For two thousand years I lay there in that bottle, and no one came nigh to aid me. Thou hast liberated me, and thou shalt not go unrewarded. Every morning at the seventh hour I will come to thee, and I will perform for thee whatever task thou mayest command me. But there is one condition attached to the agreement, and woe be to thee if that condition is broken. If any morning I should come to thee, and thou hast no task for me to do, I shall wring thy neck as thou mightest wring the neck of a sparrow." Thereupon, he was gone in an instant, leaving the little Tailor half dead with terror.

Now it happened that the prime minister of that country had left an order with the Tailor for a suit of clothes, so the next morning, when the Demon came, the little man set him to work on the bench, with his legs tucked up like a journeyman tailor. "I want," said he, "such and such a suit of clothes."

"You shall have them," said the Demon; and thereupon he began snipping in the air, and cutting most wonderful patterns of silks and satins out of nothing at all, and the little Tailor sat and gaped and stared. Then the Demon began to drive the needle like a spark of fire — the like was never seen in all the seven kingdoms, for the clothes seemed to make themselves.

At last, at the end of a little while, the Demon stood up and brushed his hands. "They are done," said he, and, thereupon, he instantly vanished. But the Tailor cared little for that, for upon the bench there lay such a suit of clothes of silk and satin stuff, sewed with threads of gold and silver and set with jewels, as the eyes of man never saw before; and the Tailor packed them up and marched off with them himself to the prime minister.

The prime minister wore the clothes to court that very day, and before evening they were the talk of the town. All the

world ran to the Tailor and ordered clothes of him, and his fortune was made. Every day the Demon created new suits of clothes out of nothing at all, so that the Tailor grew as rich as Midas, and held his head up in the world.

As time went along, he laid heavier and heavier tasks upon the Demon's back, and demanded of him more and more; but all the while the Demon kept his own counsel, and said never a word.

One morning, as the Tailor sat in his shop window taking the world easy — for he had little or nothing to do now — he heard a great hubbub in the street below, and when he looked down he saw that it was the king's daughter passing by. It was the first time that the Tailor had seen her, and when he saw her his heart stood still within him, and then began fluttering like a little bird, for one so beautiful was not to be met with in the four corners of the world. Then she was gone.

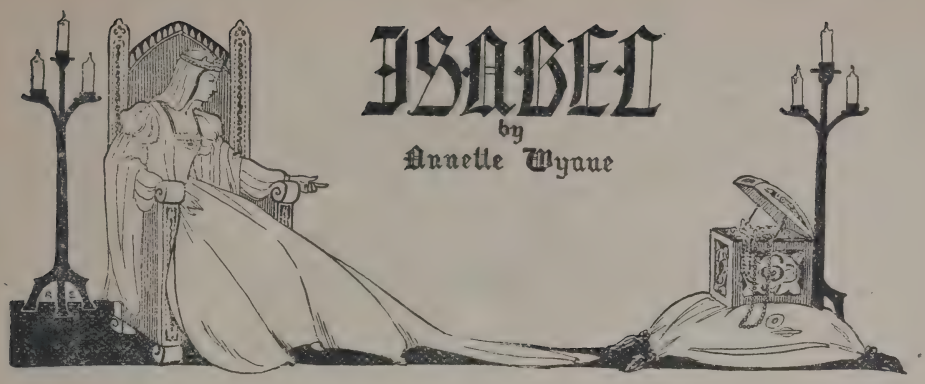
(To be Continued)

WORMS AND BUGS

By Annette Wynne

I should not care to be any kind of worm,
That cannot run about but only creep and squirm;
And if I had to be a little bug at all,
In spring, or winter, summer, fall,
I think I'd ask to be a June-bug, so
I could stay close to where June roses grow.

What became of the spoon that the picnic party lost.



Our Columbus, wise and brave,
Daunted not by wind or wave,
Greatest of seamen of old
When again your tale is told,
We shall never fail to tell
Of the good Queen Isabel!

Little did the wise men know
Of the truths they scoffed at so,
But the greatness of your thought
Set their proudest scorn to naught
For one lady listened well,
And marked your words — Queen Isabel!

"He must have the ships and men!
May he come back home again,
Bringing honor to our shore!
Would that I could give him more!
All my jewels go and sell,"
Said the great Queen Isabel!

The ships were bought; he crossed the main
And found a brand-new land for Spain,
One woman's name shall not grow dim,
As long as we remember him;
She was wise and trusted well
All honor to Queen Isabel!

HE SPIED THE FINS OF A BAND OF KILLER WHALES.

FINNY-FOOT, THE WATER PUPPY

By Allen Chaffee

Chapter IV. Sink or Swim.

IT WAS "sink or swim" for Finny-Foot, — and it was a long swim to the point of rock he had seen.

He had almost given up, when the tide turned and carried him right toward it. But where was his mother and the others he had left? Here was no sound of barking seals, though over on the yellow ribbon of beach sand the wee sandpipers ran up and down with the waves, just as they had at Monterey, and the gulls creaked and curveted overhead.

"I want to go home!" wept Finny-Foot, in his voice like a human baby's wail. But the only answer he received was the slap of the waves against his rock, and the creak of the gulls overhead.

He caught a fish and ate it before he hid himself in a cranny of the rocks to take a nap. He awoke to an ocean deep blue under the California sun, and a cloudless sky that seemed to bend down to meet it everywhere except where the beach met the never-ending waves with its yellow sand dunes. He caught another fish, and took another nap, and when he awoke this time he felt much better.

He was just wondering if he could find Seal Rocks if he were to swim along close to shore, when he spied the upstanding fins of a band of killer whales. They were far out at sea, but he remembered what had happened to the seal colony when the killers had pursued them, and for days afterward he dared not make the venture.

Then one morning, when the sea was calm, he sighted a big rock shining black and wet, further down the coast, and swam for it. This rock was even better for basking in the sunshine and diving for passing fish. But it was not home, and Finny-Foot was even lonelier now than he had been with Pietro. Again and again, he started swimming further South, where he seemed to feel that home ought to be. But always he saw killer whales or sharks, and had to hide himself behind the nearest rock. Sometimes, too, after a long, tiring swim, he failed to find a good fishing ground and had to go hungry to sleep. Then he came to another town, where he was afraid to go too close to shore, and waited long weeks on a point of rock that looked far out to sea. Would he have to live all his life alone?

One day, in the early part of the California winter, he saw a sleek dark form swimming just offshore. Now Finny-Foot's own family were Harbor Seals, white when they were babies, gray spotted when full grown. This one was a rich dark brown, and ever so much larger, but Finny-Foot knew he was a seal by the way he swam, and he swam out to meet him.

The newcomer proved to be an Alaska fur seal, a young fellow who had migrated South with the other fur seals, but who had been wounded by a shark and had to go ashore till his wound was healed. He told Finny-Foot of that land of ice and snow where his own colony made their home. Finny-Foot decided that it must be the cold weather that gave him such wonderful fur, for he would need it there to keep him from freezing.

There were millions of them where Flapper the Fur Seal came from. Every spring, he said, they started North, after a winter along the coast of Canada and as far South as Northern California. Often for days and weeks at a time they

had to swim through a sea that was beaten into giant waves by the storm winds. Often rain and snow and sleet pommeled the sea all about them, and the sky hung low and gray with clouds, and they could hardly see for the gray fog that hung over everything. Sometimes they had to dodge between drifting icebergs that roared and cracked in the most terrific manner. Sometimes a storm would raise the waves so high that they were nearly drowned.

But at last, just in time for the short Alaska summer, they would reach the small, fog-hidden Pribilof Islands, where the mother seals would raise their babies, hundreds of them together. (The fur seal babies are a woolly black.) And here the seal youngsters would play together like puppies, racing and tumbling about together with their funny, awkward flappers, diving and swimming and leaping from the water, all in the merriest way imaginable.

But all this danger and hardship had made Flapper unusually well able to take care of himself, and he thought that if Finny-Foot wanted to come along, they ought to be able to keep out of harm's way until they found the little colony off Monterey. He himself, thought Flapper, would now have to wait until he saw some band of migrants returning to Alaska, and join them for the two-thousand-mile journey home. Finny-Foot invited him to join the colony at Monterey, but Flapper said the warm climate was beginning to make him feel itchy in his heavy furs, and if he did not find his people within a few days more, he was going to swim back North by himself, at least as far as Canada.

POLAR BEARS KILLED THEM TO EAT.

One curious thing he told Finny-Foot. Instead of each family having just one mother, as Harbor Seals did, there in Alaska a big, strong bull seal might have as many as a hundred wives. But that was for two reasons. For one

thing, so many things happened to the more adventurous father seals that there were not enough to go around. Then a bull seal is so huge (four or five times as large as his mates) that he can easily protect a whole colony of mothers and babies. Finny-Foot thought he would much prefer to have the kind of families his own colony believed in. But then, of course, everything is so different in Alaska that he supposed harems must have a reason on the Pribilof Islands.

A BULL SEAL CAN PROTECT A WHOLE COLONY.

One day, he and Flapper had been playing together, Flapper leaping high above the water in great, glistening curves that Finny-Foot could not begin to imitate, when Flapper gave a bark of amazement. There, on a cluster of rocks in a curving harbor, above which the gulls creaked and curveted as they watched for fish, he could see a number of gray objects moving awkwardly about, or diving into the tide.

"Look!" he urged Finny-Foot.

"I'll bet that's your colony!" And, sure enough, there on the very rock on which Finny-Foot had spent his babyhood as a snow-white pup, he saw his gray spotted mother, all alone.

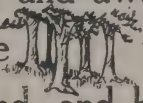
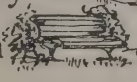
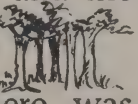
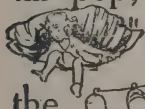
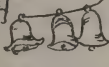
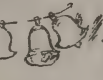
Just at first she did not recognize him, he had grown so, and he was no longer white. He had become gray spotted like herself. When she did realize that it was her son, whom she had thought lost so long ago, she barked so joyously that every member of the colony came crowding around them, barking their welcome to him.

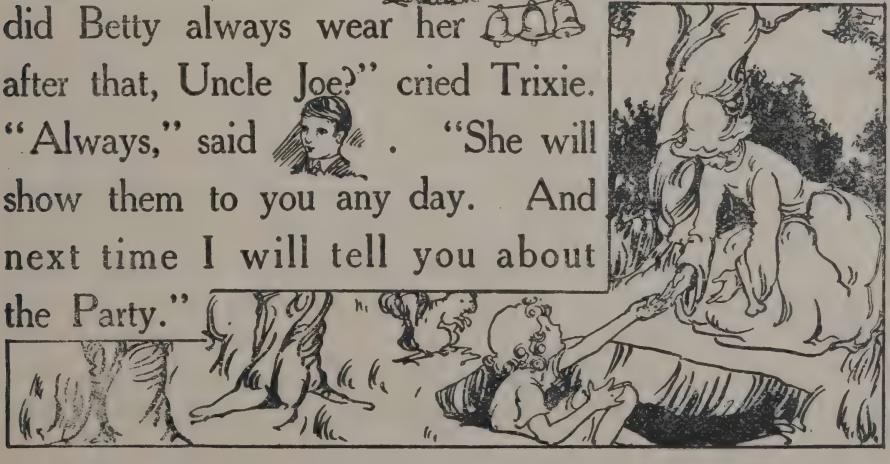
(*The end.*)

Trixie and the Flower-Children.

XI

"BETTY BLUEBELL," said Uncle Joe, "was a little who loved to run away on her two little and play all by herself. 'Betty Betty!' Mother Blue- would call when the said dinner-time and dinner was on the . Then she would go and hunt, by the and behind the and under the green and way down to the , before she could find . So when it was Betty's birthday, Daddy gave her a string of little to hang around her neck. 'Tinkle, tinkle!' said the little , and wherever was, Mother could hear the and find her. But Betty did not like the , and one day she ran out of the without them. Hop, skip, her little carried her past the and the and the and down to the , and then pit, pat, she heard another pair of coming behind her, and there was little Reddy bringing her her ! 'You forgot them,' said , 'and Mother asked me to run and bring them to you.' Dear, dear, was very cross

with ! But she put on the and away she went across the and through the  till pop, she came to a deep hole in the ground, and her slipped and in she went! 'Betty, Betty!' called Mother when the said dinner-time and dinner was on the Then she went and hunted by the and behind the and under the green  and down to the , and then 'Tinkle, tinkle!' said the little far away, and she hurried and ran across the and through the  till pop, she came to the deep and there was  ! 'I never should have found you without the  !' cried Mother Bluebell. 'And I never should have had the  without !' cried . And away they went home as gay as and invited little in to dinner." "And did Betty always wear her after that, Uncle Joe?" cried Trixie. "Always," said . "She will show them to you any day. And next time I will tell you about the Party."



THE LAND OF THE GAY BABOON

By Lucille Gulliver

HE PATTED HER LITTLE LEFT CHEEK.

NOW Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith was all ready for her tea-party. So she opened her top bureau drawer, and took out four pieces of pink, pink ribbon — one piece six inches wide, one piece five inches wide, and two pieces four inches wide — and carried them into the parlor.

The baboon was sound asleep on the mantel-shelf, so she woke him up by tickling his fuzzy left ear.

"Come, baboon," said Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith, "you must be dressed for the tea-party."

So she tied the pink ribbon six inches wide around his curly little tail, and made a bouncing big pink, pink bow. Then she tied the piece of ribbon five inches wide about his plump neck, and made a beautiful pink, pink bow right under his chin. And then she tied one pink ribbon four inches wide on his left fore-leg arm, and the other ribbon on his right fore-leg arm, and made two pretty pink, pink bows.

The baboon looked at the bouncing bow on his curly tail, and the pretty bows on his fore-leg arms, and laughed up his sleeve. Then he felt of the beautiful bow right under his chin, and laughed up his sleeve again. Then he stepped down off the mantel-shelf, and took a chair by the window to wait for the ladies who were coming to the tea-party. But they were so long in coming that Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith fell asleep and snored. And the baboon heard her, and laughed up his sleeve.

Then he slipped down out of the chair, and very softly walloped over to Miss Mehitable Huldy Smith, and very softly

patted her little left cheek. He waited a minute, and then he very softly patted her little right cheek. And then he waited another minute. But she didn't know a thing about it, so the gay baboon laughed up his sleeve.

AT THE TIP-TOP OF THE MAST

Then he slipped out of the parlor door into the hall, and out the front door into the yard, and out the gate into the road. Then he counted his pink, pink bows, and laughed up his sleeve.

Away down the road he walloped and walloped, and on the way he saw many friends — the black cat, the cows in the long pasture, the great owl, the speckled spider living in a silver thread of a house—and to every one he called, "Br-r-r-r-r-r-r. Pst! Pst!" and laughed up his sleeve.

And they all said, one after another, "How gay the gay baboon is!"

And they watched him walloping, walloping in his pink, pink bows until he was just a speck, down the road.

When the baboon had walloped a long while, he came to the sea. And he thought it would be a fine scheme to go and visit his baboon cousins far away. So he walloped and walloped along the shore until he came to a big little catboat, and he walloped on board. Then he drew up the anchor, and climbed to the top of the mast.

The sea was all blue and green, and the baboon's pink, pink bows made pink, pink waves on the water. The sun was setting, too, and the sky was all on fire. The gay baboon liked it, and laughed up his sleeve.

Then he called, "Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. Pst! Pst!" and the winds came hurrying along, calling in answer, "Yo-o-o-o-o-o-who-who-o-o-o-o-o-o."

Then the great North Wind hid in the bouncing big pink,

pink bow on the baboon's curly little tail, and blew and blew.

And the warm South Wind hid in the beautiful big bow right under the baboon's chin, and blew and blew.

And the chill East Wind hid in the pretty pink, pink bow on the baboon's left fore-leg arm, and blew and blew.

And the soft West Wind hid in the pretty pink, pink bow on the baboon's right fore-leg arm, and blew and blew.

And then the four winds blew and blew all together.

Away, away, away, over and over and over the water, flew the big little catboat. My, how fast it flew! The gay baboon liked it, and laughed up his sleeve. Out, out, out to sea sped the big little catboat, slipping and slipping over the rolling waves.

And the great North Wind, and the warm South Wind, and the chill East Wind, and the soft West Wind, were safely tucked away in the pink, pink bows, blowing and blowing.

And the baboon all the time was sitting at the tip-top of the

THE LITTLE BABOONS SQUEALED, "BR-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R! PST! PST!" FOR REAL JOY.

mast, looking at the blue-green water, and the sky all on fire—and once in a while laughing up his sleeve.

At last, after a long, long rollicking sail in the big little catboat, the baboon thought he saw a speck of an island away in the distance. So he watched and watched, and saw it grow larger and larger.

And then he laughed up his sleeve.

"Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. Pst! Pst!" called he.

And pretty soon he saw six baboons on the island, two grown-up ones and four little ones, watching him he was sure.

"Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. Pst! Pst!" he called as loudly as he could, while he flew toward them over the water.

"Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. Pst! Pst!" he heard them faintly answer.

And then he laughed up his sleeve, for he knew that he was at home.

The winds blew the big little catboat right to the shore, and the baboon was glad, very glad, to see his cousins. He walloped off the boat on to the rocks, and off the rocks on to the sand. And there he tickled each little baby baboon on his fuzzy left ear, and said, "Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. Pst! Pst!"

Then he took the pink, pink bow from his curly little tail, and tied it right under a baby baboon's chin. And away and away galloped the great North Wind toward the north sky.

Then the baboon took the pink, pink bow from right under his own chin, and tied it right under a baby baboon's chin. And up and up flew the warm South Wind away toward the south sky.

Then the baboon untied the pink, pink bows on his left fore-leg arm and on his right fore-leg arm, and tied them right under the chins of the other little baboons. And the little baboons squealed, "Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. Pst! Pst!" for real joy, because baboon babies can't wear pink, pink bows every day.

And then the chill East Wind and the soft West Wind floated away and up, and up and away. The gay baboon watched them go, but he didn't laugh up his sleeve.

And that's the end of the gay baboon.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS OF HONEYPOT HILL

By Constance V. Frazier

CHAPTER XII—THANKSGIVING AT THE BEEHIVE.

"SCHOOL'S OUT!" SANG DOROTHY.

DOROTHY and Olga came dancing into the house, with Gene at their heels.

"School's out!" sang Dorothy, giving Aunt Olivia a hug.

"No more lessons till Monday," trilled the little princess. Not that she didn't like going to the funny little two-room school at Honeypot Hill, but, like you, she enjoyed vacations.

"And to-morrow's Thanksgiving!" finished Gene, running to open the door wider for Alec's wheel chair, so that he could come into the warm, spicy-smelling kitchen.

"I wish they'd give us the whole week before," said Dorothy, sniffing the fragrant air hungrily. "I smell mince pie."

"And the whole week after," added Gene. "I smell pumpkin."

"Where's Raoul?" asked Alec. The cripple and the French

boy had become close friends since the other children had to be away at school so much of every day.

"I sent him to the village for some raisins," answered Aunt Olivia, "but he ought to be back soon."

"He's coming now," said Alec, who was nearer the window than the rest, "and my! how he's running!"

"HE'S COMING NOW," SAID ALEC.

"Oh, dear! Do you suppose something dreadful has happened?" cried the little princess.

Aunt Olivia looked out the window. "By his face," she answered, "I should say it was something rather nice. He'll probably tell us in a minute." "It is the cablegram!" panted Raoul, rushing in all out of breath. "From my dear mother and my brave father it is, and I am to take by the next sailing of the steamer, the ways for home — for France. It is that to my father has come the so fine position for the government, and we move to Paris in a month. They have need of me, and I must go."

The corners of Dorothy's mouth went down, and try as she would, she couldn't scare up the ghost of a smile. "That isn't very nice Thanksgiving-y news for *us*, Raoul," she said, "but it's pretty fine for you, and I'm glad about that. I so liked what we saw of Paris. I think it would be lovely to live there!"

"But yes, mam'selle," agreed Raoul. "And sometime, if *le bon Dieu* permits, we shall all meet again in Paris."

"It's been a lovely summer, too," added Dorothy. "I wish we could all live together, right here, forever and ever! And to think of all the fun we've planned and haven't had yet! And our lovely Bee costumes for the club meetings just finished, and —and—. Oh, I wish you didn't have to go home!"

DOROTHY COULDN'T SCARE UP THE GHOST OF A SMILE.

"Cheer up, Dot," advised Gene, throwing his arm across Raoul's shoulders.

"We've got to go home, too, in a couple of weeks. I hope you didn't think we were going to stay here all winter, did you? Anyway, can't we always be friends with Raoul, even if he is in Paris. And who knows but what in a few years we may be going over there to visit him?"

Raoul smiled. "That would be so good," he agreed. "But I am by one thing only troubled. Madelon and Le Petit — where in Paris will there be a place for them?"

"I tell you what, Raoul!" cried Gene. "You loan 'em to us and we'll take care of them for you until you have a place for them, and then we'll ship them to you."

Raoul clapped his hands. "If it could be done," he said, "I should owe you the great thanks."

And so it was settled that the little French donkey, and the brave gray carrier pigeon were to stay at Honeypot Hill until such time as their master could find a place for them to live in Paris, and send for them to come home.

Father heard the news at supper. "We've surely been glad to have you here all summer, Raoul," he said, "and I, too, wish that your stay might be longer; but, of course, your father and mother have missed you just as I should miss my boys and girls if I had to do without them all summer, so it's only fair that we give you back cheerfully, and thank them for lending you to us for such a long time. Gene, there's the bell. Will you go to the door?"

Gene was glad of the chance. There was an uncomfortable, unswallowable lump in his throat, and he had a horrible feeling that if he couldn't get away from the table he should cry. So he hurried to the door, and presently he came running back, wide-eyed and excited.

"Father," he whispered. "Come quick. It's two men, and one of them is —"

But the two men had not waited for Father to come, and had found their way into the dining-room.

The little princess looked up from her plate and her face grew as white as the tablecloth! One of the men was blind Tonito, and one was —.

"Greetings, Princess," this second man said. "I am come at last to take you home. And what a time I have had finding you, to be sure!"

Then all the pink color came flooding back into the cheeks of the little princess, as she gave the stranger her hand, over which he bent low and upon which he bestowed a kiss.

The children sat glued to their chairs with amazement. Only one thing was clear. At last one of the king's messengers had come!

Father did not understand at all, not even when the little princess introduced the stranger, whose name was Monsieur Ivan Troubetsky. "He comes from my dear father and mother," she said happily, "and I, too, am going home."

Dorothy and Gene and Alec felt as if wonders would never cease — as if they were living in a dream.

"It's quite true," the little princess told them all, after Father and the two strangers had gone into the living-room for a talk. "I've not been playing princess. That's what I really am — Princess Olga. Not a really important princess, and when I get home most everybody will forget I am a princess at all. My home is in Russia, and my father is a Russian nobleman, or he was when we were all forced to flee by night during a revolution. That is when I was hurt. Father gave me to Tonito and another man, and after we had travelled a long time, across the sea, through big cities and no cities at all, we came to the house where you found me. The other man went away, and you know all the rest."

"I was afraid of traitors, princess," said Tonito. "A countryman named Dominic —"

"Dom!" cried the children together.

"He warned me that you had had callers in my absences. You would not tell, and I had to get in touch at once with Monsieur Troubetsky, lest harm come to you."

Just then Father came back with Monsieur Troubetsky. "It's quite all right, little princess," he said, patting her curly head, just as though she were no more a royal person than Dorothy herself, "and it looks as though we should be giving you up nearly as soon as we must part with Raoul. In fact, from what Monsieur Troubetsky tells me, I shouldn't be surprised if you and Raoul made your homeward journey on the same ship!"

"Well," said Dorothy, weakly, "I hope nothing happens to *you*, Alec. We've still got *you* left. And that's *something* to be thankful about!"

Monsieur Troubetsky stayed for Thanksgiving dinner, and Doctor Dandy came as the Honeygatherers' guest. It was a good dinner, and a merry one, in spite of the shadow of parting that hung over the boys and girls. All the club members present wore their Bee costumes, manufactured of cambric and crêpe paper under clever Aunt Olivia's direction.

And when it was nearly over, Doctor Dandy said he wanted to make a speech.

"Now that partings have grown so popular with this group," he said in his funny way, "your Aunt Olivia and I think they've gone about far enough; so we've decided to start the ball rolling in another direction. On Christmas Day all the

Honeygatherers, able to do so, will come to the Beehive to see us married."

"Doctor Dandy! Aunt Olivia! Married on Christmas Day!" cried Gene and Dorothy.

"Don't forget that you children decided you owed me a five-hundred-dollar debt," said Doctor Dandy with a twinkle in his eyes, "and if you'll pay it with the gift of Aunt Olivia, we'll call it square."

"Well," said Dorothy feebly, looking at Gene. Gene nodded. "But we'll be borrowing pretty often, Uncle Dandy!" he said.

"And children, there's just one thing we want for a wedding-gift," continued Aunt Olivia. "Alec is willing to give it to us, if you will agree. We want your little Scotch chum for our very own son! May we have him?"

"To be our cousin?" asked Yvette.

"To live at Honeypot Hill?" asked Dorothy.

"To play with every summer?" asked Gene.

"All of that," agreed Aunt Olivia, "as soon as he has been back to the hospital to be made perfectly well."

"You're the luckiest boy in the world, next to me, Alec," Gene assured him, "cause you've got the second-best mother and father now! Everybody, three cheers for Alec and Aunt Olivia and Uncle Dandy!"

"I correct that," said Doctor Dandy. "I say: 'Three cheers for everybody on Honeypot Hill.'"

ISN'T it strange, Cousins, that though we are scattered far and wide across this broad land of ours, we can meet in a minute, all together, right on a page of our dear magazine, just as though we were sitting together in one big room!

First of all, the secretary has a delightful surprise for you. For quite a while she has been waiting to give you this greeting from a very lovely lady whom many of you already know and love as Auntie Frances, and whom the rest of you will want to adopt for your very own when you have read her letter. Auntie Frances has written:

"Good morning, Home Guard children dear! Your Cousin Constance asked me here. She said I might come in and say what's in my heart for you today. So I just say I'm loving you the same old way I used to do, when all your letters came to me for Rob and Peg and May to see.

"We like to think you don't forget *we* love the happy Home Guard yet; for all of us, at home or school, still work to keep the Home Guard rule. We like to think that, here and there, and 'round the world just everywhere, are other Home Guard girls and boys, who work like we, and share our joys. We like to think how all of you are trying to be kind and true, and help to spread the happy cheer that makes the Home Guard club so dear.

"Your Cousin Constance is my friend, and every letter that you send is read by her most lovingly, and often they are sent to me so *I* can tell how much you care to keep your Home Guard records fair.

"Then Rob and Peg and Maysie, too are thrilled to think you still keep true to every helpful, splendid plan with which our Home Guard Club began; and they just love sweet Constance, too, for all the work she does for you, and every night they pray this prayer: 'God keep the Home Guard in His care!'

"Your Auntie knows that if you're true in all you say and think and do; that if you do your tasks with love, and to your pledges faithful prove, there'll come a time not far away when you and Rob and Peg and May must keep our nation strong and free, and guardians of your country be.

"So each of you must do your best to help in every Home Guard test! Then when you've come to Grown-up Land, you'll do this splendid thing we've planned, and keep our country brave and fair, safe in your kind and loving care.

"Good-bye, God bless you, every one, and send you lots of play and fun, along with all the happy work no Home Guard true would ever shirk. Good-bye, good-bye! Please always try to do what's right with all your might. And don't forget we love you yet!"

"*Auntie Frances, Robin, Peg and May*"

It's good to hear from Auntie Frances again, isn't it? And when *she* reads the fine list of Honor Guards printed here, she will surely feel that the Guards mean to be true to every pledge they make.

Helen Peasley 6
Dorothy Atwood 3, 4
Margaret Atwood 3, 4

(*Continued on page 566*)

THE MAGIC BOOKCASE

IF you would go adventuring with boys and girls from ten to fifteen, follow Oliver down the dusty road as he runs away, straight into adventure that won't end until the last page of "The Windy Hill," by Cornelia Meigs. There is the Beeman, and the Beeman's children and their friends, not to mention the Beeman's queer stories that had a meaning. You'll like them all — Beeman, stories and children, and you'll be delighted with the mystery that unwinds itself on the Windy Hill. Macmillan, N. Y., will send you the book for $1.75.

And if you would save Scotland from her foes with William Wallace, that splendid leader of the olden days, don't, on any account, miss Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs." Go adventuring with the Scottish knights who loved their country enough to die for her, share their love for William Wallace who led them, and follow him from Ellerslie to the Tower of London. It's just the sort of story of romance and adventure that will hold you spellbound to the end. It is a big book, beautifully printed on excellent paper, and full of colored illustrations of the better sort, a book, in short, to keep and read and love all your life. The price will be sent on request by the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.

It is only once in a while that we come upon such a truly delightful animal story as "Gray Squirrel," by Joseph W. Lippincott. If you have ever enjoyed watching the friskiness of a gray squirrel, you will be deeply interested in this fascinatingly told story of Gray Squirrel's life — his babyhood, his growing days, his friends, his enemies, his battles for existence; how he chose his mate and built his home, and finally became the king-squirrel of the wood, as his father was before him. The book, printed in fine, large type, is full of photographs of Gray Squirrel and his woodland neighbors, taken by

(*Continued on page 575*)

"None Genuine Without Trade-Mark"

Real Cleanliness

YOU constantly wash your underwear, sheets and quilts, but it is impossible to wash your mattresses. The *Excelsior Protector* will keep the mattress fresh and clean. They are made in any size for bed or crib, and quilted so that they remain soft and fluffy in spite of washing and continuous use.

We have been making Mattress Protectors for over thirty years and guarantee every one. The best hotels and institutions throughout the country use *Excelsior Protectors* on their mattresses. Prove this the next time you are at a hotel, by turning back the bed covers and look at our Protector with the little red trade-mark sewed in one corner. Because of their many features they are especially suited to use on baby's crib. They protect the child as well as the mattress; save time and labor.

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EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO.

15 Leight Street

NEW YORK

THE HOME GUARD

(*Continued from page 562*)

Florence Faucette 4, 5
Rita Laura Horton 1
Emily Hutt 1
Dorothy Mathews 2
Marguerite Spencer 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Mary Frances Carpenter 6
Carl Busch 1
Mary Stuart Harmon 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Lydia Nichols 3, 4
Edith Nelson 3, 4
Erma Stull 3, 4
Mary Frances Averill 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Louise Gould 2
Katherine Kakas 1, 2, 3, 4

Five new Stars are reported:

Wayland Mich. Star: Elizabeth Baker, Mildred Whitcomb, Frances Miller.

Woodland Calif. Star: Beth Chamberlain, Verle Duncan.

Portsmouth Va. Star: Florence Faucette, Dorothy Mathews, Helen Mathews.

East Chattanooga Tenn. Star: Margaret Hall, Rachel Hall, May McGhee.

Bustleton Phil. Pa. Star: Dorothy Vaders, Elizabeth Lamnek, Marguerite Gilmore, Grace Baker, Virginia Worthington.

The Holton Kansas Star has been reorganized with five members.

"We have a tent, a ball and other interesting things and hope to make our club a success," writes Dorothy Vaders, president of the Bustleton Star. "We are planning picnics, parties and hikes."

"Our club is coming on fine," said Florence Faucette, secretary of the Portsmouth Star. "We decided not to have any dues. Helen Mathews does errands for us, so we call her our Messenger. We have hikes and picnics. I made up a club song which we sing at meetings. We had a bazaar and made $1.69, which we gave to the milk and ice fund."

"We have made two books and expect to make more," writes Margaret Hall, president of the East Chattanooga Star. "We are going to make and care for a pansy bed."

Star Secretaries, will you please send Cousin Constance a report of what your club is doing and plans to do? Write about your fun and your work, so that other Stars can try your good plans, too.

So many boys and girls write to me each month to ask what sort of club our Home Guard is, and how to join, that I am going to tell our new readers about it this month, so that they can join right to ask how and what and why and all the other questions.

First of all, the Home Guard is made up of hundreds of boys and girls who read "Little Folks" and who want to guard their homes from the bad fairies of Selfishness and Temper and Carelessness and Illness. They have learned that to be good citizens and happy, useful ones as well, whether grown-ups or children, is to form habits of being kind and happy and cheerful and polite and unselfish and obedient, so that people will lose them, for their sweetness, and turn to them because they are reliable and can be trusted to do what is right as far as they are able. Of course, it takes time to learn to be all these things without thinking about it each time, and so, to help us get a start, we have adopted six pledges:

1. I will be obedient.
2. I will be helpful and willing.
3. I will be cheerful and happy even though things go wrong.
4. I will be polite and kind to others.
5. I will be thoughtful and unselfish.
6. I will obey the rules of good health.

A Guard lives up to each of these pledges, in any order he likes, for thirty consecutive days. When he has so lived up to a pledge, he wins an honor, which is a club secret, and has his name printed in the Honor List, with the number of the honor won. When he is winning an honor, he keeps a record of his effort in a note-book, remembering that it is effort rather than a perfect record which will win his honor. At the end of thirty days he writes to me and asks for the honor he has won, and if Mother thinks he deserves to have it, she must sign her name to his letter. Mother knows how hard he has tried. It costs nothing to join the club. Simply send your name and address to Cousin Constance, c/o Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass., and you will be enrolled. If you want a pin, send 5c. If you want a circular giving *full* particulars about the club send a two-cent stamp and ask for it. We have several thousand members already, but there is room for as many more.

Lovingly,
"Cousin Constance."

How Disobedience Gave Way to a Tug at the Heartstrings

HAS *your* child ever looked defiantly up into your eyes and said, "I won't"? When Bobby said it to me, I could hardly believe my ears. He had always been so willing and obedient. A sudden fear clutched my heart. I knew that this was not something to pass by with an indulgent smile. For I felt that, if uncorrected, it was just a forerunner of many of the things I had noticed with dismay in other children — disrespect, wilfulness, selfishness, ill-temper and jealousy.

I was afraid that this single act would build itself into a habit. My fears began to be realized as day after day I found no true solution to the problem. And then I learned a secret that opened to me the innermost portals of my child's heart — and disobedience vanished almost magically. Just a little tug at the heartstrings and this problem and all that came later were solved.

I Learn This Secret

A great friend of mine was the mother of an adorable little girl, Judith, whom we all called "The Child Who Won the Hearts of All." This happy mother told me the secret of the Parents' Association, an organization of 30,000 parents. "For the first time," she said, "there is now a scientific method in child training, founded on the principle that confidence is the basis of control. This new system really shows you how in your own home to correct the cause of disobedience, wilfulness, untruthfulness, and other dangerous habits which, if not properly remedied, lead to serious consequences. Now the trouble in most cases is that children are punished or scolded for what they do. The new method removes the *cause* — not by punishment or scolding but by confidence and co-operation along lines which are amazingly easy for any parent to instantly apply.

"This new system has been put into the form of an Illustrated Course prepared especially for the busy parent. Judith and I owe a tremendous lot to the Parents' Association and it is producing remarkable and immediate results for the thousands of parents in all parts of the world. It is also endorsed by leading educators. It covers all ages from cradle to eighteen years."

I Sent for This Free Book.

Why Don't You?

Needless to say, I wrote at once for the free book of the Parents' Association, "New Methods in Child Training," which describes the new system of the Parents' Association and outlines its work. If you are a parent you, too, will want to read this startling book. The little coupon below will bring it to you at once. So why not mail this coupon, without any obligation on your part, today. **Parents' Association, Department 4610, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.**

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION,
Department 4610, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

Please send me your book, "New Methods in Child Training," and information about the Parents' Association, Free. This does not obligate me in any way.

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Address .....

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THE QUIZZIES

Dear Children:—

The Quizzies had so very much fun on Hallowe'en that I must tell you all about it. The — (No. 3) — was in the sky when they started, but that didn't keep them from having packs of fun with their — (No. 5) —. They saw a big — (No. 4) — and although they did hope to see some — (No. 6) — that night, they didn't spy a one. It was still early when they got home, so they set a tub partly filled with water on the kitchen floor, and then they played a Hallowe'en game. They — (No. 2) —. After that they thought some — (No. 1) — would taste fine, but after they had eaten them they felt so sleepy that they hurried right off to their little beds and dreamed about what they would do next month.

Clarence Biers.

(Answers to these puzzles will be printed in November.)

Boys and Girls **Earn Xmas Money**

Write for **50** Sets AMERICAN CHRISTMAS SEALS. Sell for **10c** a set. When sold, send us **$3.00** and keep **$2.00.**

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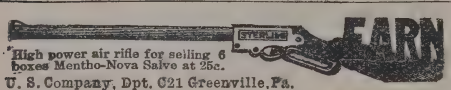

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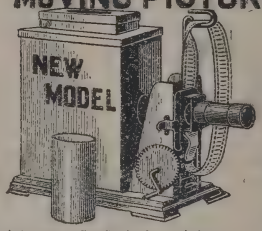

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This genuine New Model Oil or Electric Moving Picture machine with film —ALL GIVEN for selling 28 pckgs. Bluine at 10c. a pckg. Write for them We send them postpaid. When sold return $2.80 and we send machine, film and extra premium free with set of admission tickets, postage prepaid.

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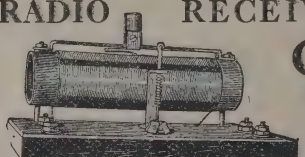

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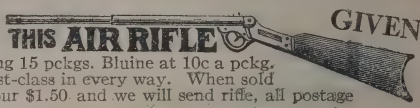

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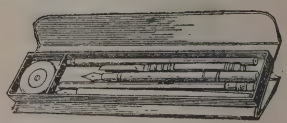

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LITTLE FOLKS PICTURE BOOK

Dame Crump and Her Pig

This picture is the last for the Dame Crump Picture Book. The editor thanks those little artists who have suggested subjects for a new series, and she will follow the suggestion of one of them. The new picture book will illustrate stories of Greek Gods and Heroes.

Then she ate a wee supper of hot tea and bread
And put on her nightcap and jumped into bed,
Having first said her prayers and put out the light,
And since she's quite tired, we'll bid her "Good Night!"

Magazine Prices Reduced
Until November 10

In accordance with an old established custom that prevailed previous to the war, we are this year again offering the readers an opportunity to subscribe to their publications at a special, last chance reduced price, provided orders are mailed on or before November 10. The purpose of the plan is to try to stop the usual December rush of subscription business, and make it possible to give more prompt service to subscribers, and to lighten the work of the clerical forces during the rush season. We advise you to

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The Telephone and Ear Piece are given free of cost for selling 30 cards of dress Snap Fasteners. Order your cards today and get our big list of other free rewards that we give away.

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SECCO SALES CO., Dept. LF10, SALEM, MASS.

THE SOCIETY OF STAR-GAZERS

By Margherita O. Osborne

FOUR POSITIONS OF THE BIG DIPPER

IT was early in October and Anna, Francis and Louis had returned to their city home nearly a month ago, when, one fine evening, Cousin Jimmie came to see them.

"Oh, Star-gazers, this night was made for us!" he said. "Come out on the roof and see the wonders of it."

The roof was almost as good a place to look at stars as the beach had been, only as Anna said, "You have to be careful to remember where you are and not back off of it, 'cause you'd see stars that aren't in the sky if you did."

"Tonight, we'll look north first," said Cousin Jimmie, "and see what has happened to the Big Dipper."

"Oh, there it is!" cried Louis, "plain as a tin dipper, and right side up, too!"

"Yes, it is back in the first position, with the two pointers at the front, pointing straight up to the North Star," said Cousin Jimmie.

"Why is it in a different position, each month?" asked Francis.

"Each night it is in a different position," replied Cousin Jimmie. "It seems to turn right around the North Star, in a little less than twenty-four hours, and gets back to the first position a little earlier each night than it did the night before.

"Two weeks from tonight, you'll find it has reached this position at seven o'clock instead of eight. When we go in, I'll draw you a picture of the four positions of the Dig Dipper, so you can see how the pointers always show where the North Star is.

"Now let's see if we can find some of the constellations of the Zodiac."

"What is the Zodiac, Cousin Jimmie?" asked Francis.

"The Zodiac is the path of the sun and the planets. Sometimes you will see a star in one of the constellations, which you never saw there before, and which is not shown in your star maps. You will know, then, that it is a planet you see. The word planet comes from a Greek word and means a wanderer.

"The Zodiac, or path of the sun and planets, runs through twelve constellations, which are called the Signs of the Zodiac. I know a rhyme which makes it easy for me to remember their names:

'The northern signs the Ram begins,
Then comes the Bull and then the Twins,
The Crab in June, then Leo shines,
And Virgo ends the northern signs.

The Balance brings autumnal fruits,
Scorpio stings, the Archer shoots,
Then comes the Goat with wintry blast,
Aquarius next, then Pisces last.'

"There's the Ram, low down in the northeast sky. Turn on the flash-light, Anna, and I'll draw him for you. Above and to the right is the Great Square of Pegasus. See how plain the three stars of the Triangle show, just above the Ram."

"Those three stars don't make a Ram, at all, Cousin Jimmie!" exclaimed Anna.

"No," replied Cousin Jimmie, "but quite likely the group, which was named the Ram, looked more like one when it was named, two or three thousand years ago.

"Below the Great Square, and to the right of the Ram, is the constellation of the Fishes. All the stars of this group are faint, and I can see only two of them. The stars of Aquarius, the Water-Bearer, are faint, too, but there is a little y-shaped figure, which forms the mouth of the water-jar and is easy to find.

"Below the Water-Bearer is Capricornus, the Goat, another faint constellation of the Zodiac. The three stars of the Eagle, which point up to Vega, also point down to the Goat. Turn on the flash-light and look at my picture, then see how many stars you can count in Capricornus."

"I can find three," cried Louis, "two at the head, below the Eagle and another at the tail — or where I suppose his tail is."

"Good!" said Cousin Jimmie.

"What is that bright red star, low down in the southwest, near the Milk Dipper?" asked Francis.

"Oh, I know! It's Mars!" cried Anna. "Teacher said we ought to be sure to see Mars this year, before it sets, because it is very bright and nearer the Earth than it has been for a number of years."

"What else did she tell you about Mars?" asked Cousin Jimmie.

"Oh!" cried Anna, "she said that it is not a star but a planet, and that our Earth is about seven times as big as it is, and that Mars is farther from the sun

than we are, and that it has queer markings on it and maybe people live there."

"Yes," said Cousin Jimmie, "but don't make the mistake of thinking that the markings may be canals dug by inhabitants of Mars; we do not know what they are. Possibly they are streaks in the surface of the planet. Mars is probably much colder than the Earth."

"What are planets, Cousin Jimmie?" asked Francis — he believed in asking questions.

"The planets belong to the Sun's family," answered Cousin Jimmie, "and Earth is one of them. There are eight members of the Sun's family. They are Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. They follow the pathway of the sun, as you know, and we are likely to see only four of them, Mars, Venus, Jupiter and Saturn. Venus is brightest, and when she shows herself it is usually in the west, just after sunset.

"There is another bright star in the southern sky; it is Fomalhaut, and it is in the constellation of the Southern Fish, which looks no more like a fish than the one I've just drawn for you."

"Who named the constellations, Cousin Jimmie?" asked Anna.

"That, I don't know," replied Cousin Jimmie, "except that most of them were named hundreds, yes, even thousands of years ago, when they must have appeared very different in shape from their present form.

"We'll come out another night and find the Royal Family, and I will tell you some of the old tales about them."

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The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman who has any kind of a facial disfigurement caused by age. Every woman who has a single facial defect should know about these remarkable

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THE MAGIC BOOKCASE

(*Continued from page 565*)

Mr. Lippincott himself. These, with the story of Gray Squirrel's life, will make you love and sympathize with and protect the only little woods' creature that can be really friendly with humans and survive. The Penn Company, Philadelphia, will send the book for $1.75.

In ordering any of the books recommended in this department, be sure to say that you read of them in Little Folks' Magic Bookcase. Publishers are always glad to know where you learn of their books.

Mothers Who Read Little Folks

The editor would appreciate short notes from you, telling her what you think of *Little Folks*. Your letters will assist her and the publishers in making improvements they have in mind for *Little Folks*. A word of appreciation will encourage those who are trying to serve you and help to make your home happy. Any suggestions of material you would like in *Little Folks* will be equally appreciated.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT
of Little Folks
October 1, 1922

Published monthly, at Salem, Mass.
Required by Act of August 24, 1912.

NAME OF Publisher, S. E. Cassino Co., Salem, Mass.
NAME OF Editor, Margherita O. Osborne, Salem, Mass.
Business Manager, S. E. Cassino, Salem, Mass.
OWNERS: S. E. Cassino, Salem, Mass.
H. E. Cassino, Salem, Mass.
Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, None
Signed S. E. Cassino Co. By Herman E. Cassino.

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LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE SALEM, MASS.

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LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE **SALEM, MASS.**

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